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SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 66

SUMMER

1956

FACTS FOR PROSPECTIVE HIKERS

Who are the Trail Hikers?

The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent group of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a five-day camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise in Alberta.

What are their principal aims?

Among their principal aims are the encouragement of hiking over Rocky Mountain trails, the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already existing, the preservation of our national parks, and co-operating with other organizations with similar aims.

Can I become a member?

You or anybody else can join the hikers at any time you wish. Membership is open to all—irrespective of sex, age, color, creed or profession. We welcome new members to our organization.

What are the requirements?

To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually acquired by most hikers at the five-day camp. Annual membership fee is three dollars.

Is climbing experience necessary?

The answer is no. We are not mountain climbers; we do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. We are walkers of the uphill and downdale type. The hikes are not strenuous and can be enjoyed by anyone who likes a good walk with a side order of spectacular mountain scenery.

How do I join the annual hike?

To join the annual hike send your application to the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers

of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada, accompanied by a five-dollar deposit. Your deposit will be refunded if you alter your plans on or before July 1.

What is the total fee?

Total cost of the hike is \$40.00. This includes tepee accommodation for five days, meals in camp, transportation of duffle to and from camp, services of attendants and gratuities.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration. Rubber ground sheets and blankets are provided at no cost where these are required.

When are the hikes held?

The hikers usually hold their annual camp over the last week-end in July or the first in August. This year the dates are Saturday, July 28 to Wednesday, August 1, inclusive.

How are camps set up?

Camps are made up of Indian tepees, constructed and decorated by the Stony Indians who have a reservation at nearby Morley. The tepees are equipped with vents so as to permit the lighting of fires inside when nights are cool. Three to four hikers can share a tepee in comfort.

Can I keep pace with the vets?

You don't need to. At the start of each day's hike, members are divided into groups according to their experience, their scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

Well, what am I waiting for?

Nothing at all. Send in your application!

Paradise Valley Offers New Terrain for Hikers



NOW IT can be told, Hikers! It's finally been decided when, where and how we're going to observe our 24th annual sortie to the skyline! And after telling you about it, we hope you'll do a bit of telling yourself—telling us, for example, that you'll be on hand to join in the fun.

First, there's that all-important matter of dates. If you have a calendar handy, please turn to July, circle (preferably with a bright red crayon) the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st, then flip over to August and perform similar artwork on the 1st.

This, when translated, means that Camp '56 is scheduled for Saturday, July 28th through Wednesday, August 1st, inclusive. It also means, according to the law of averages, that Jupe Pluvius is likely to be on vacation elsewhere at that time of the year. (Last year, it seems he chose Lake O'Hara.)

Our campsite this summer is also famous in Skyline history. And if there's anything to a name we can truly look forward to a taste of unmatched scenery. Destination: Paradise Valley!

Those familiar with this little bit of paradise, in the vicinity of Lake Louise, have good reason to rejoice. In addition to the beauty of its setting, the area is endowed with trails and magnificent vistas, neatly summed up by the name "Paradise". And the scene will be completed by the picturesque spires of Tepee Town nestled in the evergreens dotting the valley's slopes.

Among high spots of the Paradise Valley trail will be Moraine Lake, in the spectacular Valley of the Ten Peaks, Sentinel Pass, and other objectives whose praises have been sung by hikers in the past.

But above all, Paradise Valley is *new* hiking country for most of us. Originally it was planned to establish the camp at Red Deer Lake in the Skoki area north of Lake Louise. It was felt, however, that we had given this area sufficient coverage during the past few years and the demand was for "something new." So Paradise it was!

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OUR COVER

● Like the scene on this month's cover? Of course you do. And it's a scene we'll be re-enacting in a few short weeks! Those lofty snow-clad peaks, age-old larches and upland meadows are all a part of that enchanted world near timberline. Photo was taken by C.P.R. cameraman John Kalina during last year's hike at Lake O'Hara.

The Skyline Trail

Official Publication of the Skyline Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned.

Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor,
Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 294, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

Lots of New Crests To Sport on Trails

If you feel the sleeve of your hiking jacket lacks something of a decorative nature, perhaps we can offer a helpful suggestion! Could be it's that large circular felt crest, featuring the club's insignia, and which has blossomed forth on the apparel of so many members in the past year or two.

Or if it's your lapel or headwear that requires embellishment, perhaps our beautifully designed colored enamel pin would help solve the problem.

Whichever it is, there's no need to worry—not this season. In anticipation of a rising demand we have laid in a generous stock of both, these to be available this summer at no extra cost.

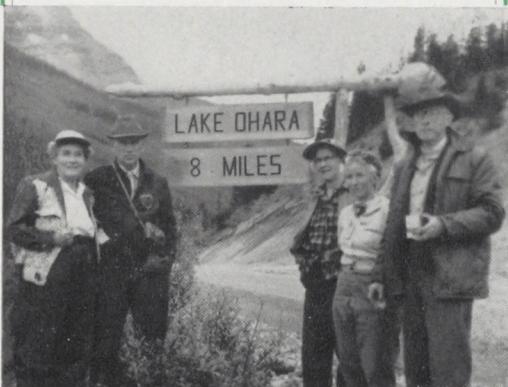
Four inches in diameter, and with deckled border, the crests are expertly finished in color combinations of green, yellow and white. Both the insignia—hiking boot and alpenstock—and the lettering "Skyline Hikers — Canadian Rockies" are applied in needlework, this producing a decided improvement over the less expensive "painted" variety.

The pins, also bearing the Order's emblem, are available in two color combinations—with red and yellow predominating. They can be had with screw-cap fasteners for lapels and brooch-style for the ladies.

The latter are also handy to feature in the lapel during the long, long season between camps. Not only do they give a zip to the ensemble; they also serve as excellent advertising media for the association.

All will be available at the registration office in Banff. Those desiring them in advance are requested to write the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alta. Both crests and pins are tagged at \$3.50 each.

READY FOR THE CLIMB



Eight miles to Lake O'Hara—and lovely miles they were! Despite rain and cloud, hikers took the uphill route from Wapta to O'Hara literally in their stride. Above members of the "Stalwart 70" are seen just before tackling the outbound trail last July.

PARADISE VALLEY

(Continued from page 3)

As in the past, we're to be transported to our trailhead via glass-topped bus, from Banff to Lake Louise, some 38 miles westward. Or if you happen to be in the Lake Louise area at the time, arrangements will be made to have you picked up at this resort. The majority of us, however, will board our buses Saturday morning at Banff Springs Hotel and the Mount Royal at the town's main intersection.

Now a word or two about the price tag. We regret that due to increased operating costs, it has been necessary for the outfitter to up the rate from \$35.00 to \$40.00 for the five-day safari. This covers, in addition to tepee accommodation, meals in camp, and on the trail, gratuities and transportation of duffle, both ways, between Banff and our base camp.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 for the camp's duration, while rubber ground sheets, flannelette sheets and blankets, are supplied gratis by the association.

"Where do we meet?" This is a frequently asked question by applicants about to take the trip for the first time. In reply, we wish to make a few suggestions that should prove helpful to the newcomer and make him feel at home from the start.

After checking in at your hotel (and we hope you've made your reservations) we suggest you stroll over to our registration office in the Brewster Industries Building. Here you will receive a warm western welcome by your fellow hikers, a few helpful hints that will smooth the way, plus duffle tags, passenger lists, maps of the itinerary,

song-sheets, and any other information we happen to have on hand.

You will also be invited to attend the annual Pre-Hike get-together in Masonic Hall, just across the street from the registration office. Experience has proved that there's just no better way of breaking the ice! Held annually on the eve of the hike's departure, the program features the showing of films, some dealing with former hikes, and all giving a valuable introduction to the wonders of the mountain trails we are about to explore. Many hikers make a practice of bringing along their color transparencies, projecting these on the screen with a running commentary.

The evening is also highlighted with introductions, brief remarks by the association's officers, community singing and last-minute announcements concerning our itinerary. By the time we break up, most of us have dropped the usual "Mr. Miss or Mrs." in favor of the less formal "Bill, Tillie or Jean."



Feathering their nest for five days under canvas, Elizabeth Doeller and Patsy Stewart are determined to have tinder aplenty to feed those tepee campfires. And the weather being what it was, the girls had no cause to regret this happy bit of foresight.

Some hikers make a point of arriving early to enjoy advance hiking practice on the innumerable mountain trails leading out of Banff or Lake Louise. Others go for sightseeing tours in glass-topped buses, pedal their way over scenic highways and byways, or take to the western saddle for a leisurely trail ride on the miles of bridle paths in the area.

Duffle is transported from Banff to camp via truck and pack horse train. To ensure its arrival in camp ahead of the hiking contingent, all duffle must be ready for pick-up Friday evening. Pick-up points are Banff Springs and the Mount Royal Hotels. Hikers unable to meet this deadline, through late arrival in Banff, will have their duffle looked after at no extra cost.

So, there you have it, fellow hikers! You're ready for the trail and the rest is up to your hob-nailed boots. Good Hiking to all!

COMPLETE KIT MEANS HAPPY HIKE**Time to Shuffle your Duffle!**

ARE YOU one of those last-minute duffle shufflers? Or do you make doubly sure your kit is complete before making that sudden transition from the ease of city living to the more rigorous pattern of life in the open? If your answer is "Yes" to Question No. 2 (And of course it will be) you've got nothing to worry about except bunions and the weather!

Quite so. A well or indifferently packed duffle can mean the difference between solid comfort and lack of same while in camp and on the trails. So let's bear this in mind as we list various requirements for those five glorious days in Paradise!

You'll get off on the right foot if you have a good hiking boot to go with it. To be hike-happy is to be foot-happy and the importance of this down-to-earth commodity cannot be overestimated.

To acquire a "sole-satisfying" boot, make sure it's *large* enough—even if it does hurt your pride. It should be large enough, not only to accommodate your foot, but an extra pair of sox as well. The boot should be sturdily made, preferably with cleats, or some type of sole that will prevent slipping and sliding on the trail.

Back in camp your feet will welcome a change into something lighter—loafers, canvas running shoes or moccasins. You'll find these ideal for informal wear around camp and at the campfire singsongs.

If it rains, you'll be glad you brought along that pair of rubbers—or better still—a pair of low rubber boots. The latter also will come in handy as protection against the heavy dews that wash the upland meadows in the early morning and late evening.

If you can tick off these items—along with two or three extra pairs of light and heavy sox—you'll wonder how anyone had the nerve to refer to the hike as a bunion derby!

Hike fashions are subject to change, just like any others. Today blue jeans and slacks head the style parade. The

Hikers discover natural dining table in flat rock jutting from Lake O'Hara's shoreline. Lunch party followed treasure hunt at Crystal Cave far above. Day was also memorable for extra fine weather!

evidence is confirmed pictorially in this issue of "Skyline Trail". So look them over and you'll see what we mean. Shorts and pedal pushers are also seen at times on the skyline trails.

For the upper torso, gay plaid and tartan shirts are standard apparel, while plain shades of red, yellow, blue, khaki, etc., are also favorites for style and comfort. And don't forget how well those hues will show up in the lens of our legions of color photos.

There are times, particularly early in the day and late in the afternoon when you'll need added protection against the cold. Then you'll be glad you brought along that buckskin or leather jacket, windbreaker, blanket coat or mackinaw. An extra sweater, with or without sleeves, will provide additional welcome insulation when the mercury plunges.

When skies are cloudy and gray (highly improbable) you should have ready access to a slicker, the lighter the better so it can be carried on the trail if and when the weather looks "threatening." A rain repellent hat will also help protect the hairdo and disposition.

Many hikers sport wide-brimmed hats, with bandana neckerchief, as protection against the sometimes relentless rays of Old Sol. This we most heartily endorse. Gloves too will come in handy should the weather turn unduly cool or rainy.

Some time we'll have a poll to determine how many—if any—hikers wear pyjamas during those cold, cold nights in the depths of their sleeping bags. Meanwhile, it's anybody's guess, but it's

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A few yards distant, there's a water shelf, complete with basins, hot water and soap. This hikerette, however, prefers to enjoy her ablutions the hard way in the not-so-hot running water flowing by campsite. Scene in background suggests the "Come and get it" signal has already been heard.



It's always fair weather when good hikers get together! Armed against the drizzle and swirling mists, with smiles and slickers, this group was photographed on rocky summit somewhere on the trail of '55. Imagine how they'd look if Old Sol were smiling with them.



Lay that shovel down!—Seems that the victim of collapsing tent can extricate herself quite well without assistance of emergency rescue apparatus. One tent and Doughnut were victims of squarely night on Schaffer Meadow. All tepees staunchly held their ground.

SHUFFLE YOUR DUFFLE

(Continued from page 5)

safe to assume we all have our favorite form of night attire, possibly fortified with an extra sweater or two!

And now that we've outfitted you from head to toe, we can list other items, large and small, that can add so much to the pleasure of your holiday. Here's our favorite list of some of the small ones:

Flashlight, jackknife, sun-glasses, drinking cup, candles, matches (in metal container), sunburn lotion, ball of stout cord, insect repellent, pencils, writing pad, confectionery, cigarettes and tobacco, soap, towels, wash cloth, razor blades, pocket comb, tooth brush, and other such items you keep in your own cabinet at home.

If you're out to get photos, don't forget to bring along extra camera film (and your camera); if you're the far-sighted type and have binoculars, you'll find them ideal for observing wild animals on surrounding mountain slopes, and there's no need to remind fishermen to bring along their rod and tackle. And if you play any kind of instrument from a kazoo to a zither, it will all add to the fun.

A light-weight knap-sack will prove ideal for carrying lunches, drinking cup, slickers, candy, chewing gum, camera film, and other items that come in handy on the trail.

If you still have room in your duffle, an extra blanket would top things off nicely. Though we have an adequate supply in camp, there are times when an extra might not be amiss! We think this does it, Hikers, and if we've omitted anything a thousand pardons. Good packing!

Z - Z - Z - Z !

When "Shut-eye" Counts

Sound restful sleep is a must if you're to tackle those sky-high trails with the necessary vim and vigor! For this reason, we feel a few notes on our slumber equipment might not be amiss.

For years, the standard tepee bed has been made up of a sleeping bag, resting on a pungent mattress of spruce boughs, with rubber ground sheet in between for protection against ground moisture and cold. Added insulation is afforded by flannelette blankets folded inside the sleeping bag, while woollen blankets can be added according to the dictates of the thermometer.

Hikers wishing added sleeping comfort are advised to bring along a more conventional form of bedding—such as a safari (army-type) cot, or an inflating rubber mattress, either of which can be transported conveniently in and out of camp. Though not yet widely in use by our rank and file, they may well gain in popularity.

DAN McCOWAN LOVED THE TRAILS

Hikers Lose an Ardent Champion



With the passing of Dan McCowan, noted Canadian naturalist, author and lecturer, the association has lost one of its most ardent champions, and a popular and beloved colleague. The noted outdoorsman died in February at his home in Cloverdale, B.C., after a lengthy illness. He was 74.

An honorary member of the Skyline Trail Hikers, Mr. McCowan accompanied the group on many of its annual sorties to the skyline. Here he proved himself invaluable for his knowledge of the flora and fauna of the upland trails which he generously passed on to his fellow members.

His subjects ranged from the tiniest of alpine flowers to the age-old larches, so closely identified with the timberline. He could name the rarest of alpine songbirds by sight or by sound, and elaborate on their habits and characteristics. He was an accurate and unfailing encyclopoedia for all who shared his love of the trails.

A longtime resident of Banff, Mr. McCowan was well known to guests at Banff Springs Hotel and its neighboring resort, Chateau Lake Louise. Here his witty and informative lectures on flora and fauna of the Canadian Rockies were among entertainment highlights of the summer season. Many were illustrated with color slides laboriously acquired through his long years of friendship with the wild things.

Recognized at home and abroad for his writings, lectures and radio broadcasts on wildlife, Mr. McCowan was made a Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society during a visit to London in 1938. Later he was made an Honorary Associate of the Maryland Academy of Science at Baltimore, Md.

And during World War II, he did valuable service for the National Council of War Services of the Y.M.C.A. In 1942, he embarked on a lecture tour of armed services establishments which took him to many parts of the country,

travelling by jeep, landing barge, plane, ship, tug and fishboat.

The colorful Scot emigrated to Canada from his native Perthshire Highlands, eventually settling in Banff where he had ample opportunity to study the habits of native birds and animals. It was only recently that he left his beloved Banff for the Pacific Coast.

Dan, as he was affectionately known to his fellow citizens and colleagues of the trail, was also closely identified with our sister association, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. Both he and his wife are listed among those having earned that order's silver button.

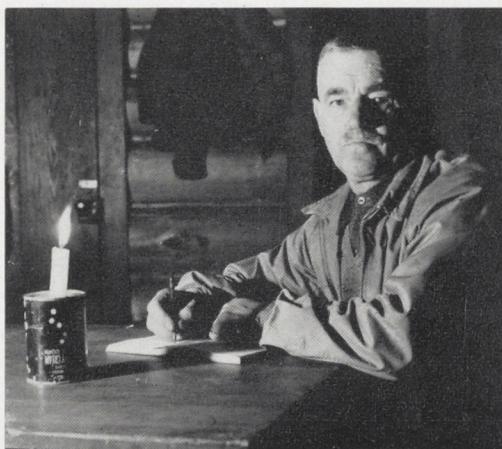
His home in Banff had the welcome mat out, not only for his many friends in the area, but also for his four-footed and feathered visitors who patronized Dan's wildlife "cafeteria." It was not uncommon during the

long winter months to see a wild deer paying a call at the McCowan home for such a purpose. Birds of all kinds feasted there daily.

Mr. McCowan's close association with the Canadian Pacific Railway commenced some 26 years ago when he was signed up by the late John Murray Gibbon, who at that time headed the railway's publicity department. Commenting on Mr. Gibbon's good judgment in this appointment, a *Toronto Globe and Mail* newspaper writer had this to say:

"Mr. Gibbon's publicity sense was never more acute than when he turned this Scot into a living, walking talking advertisement for the mountain resorts." Truly Dan McCowan was all of this and more.

As an author, Mr. McCowan has a number of distinguished works to his credit. His last book, *Upland Trails*, was dedicated to Dr. Gibbon, who founded the Skyline Trail Hikers and Trail Riders associations. Other successful volumes include *Animals of the Canadian Rockies*, *A Naturalist in Canada*, *Outdoors with a Camera*, *Hilltop Tales*, and *Tidewater to Timberline*.



Dan McCowan

Color Photos Now on the Running



Here's news for devotees of the lens and shutter! And the news is colorful as it is revolutionary—at least in its own field. At last we're yielding to the demands of the ever-increasing number of color-photogs in our ranks and preparing to accept color photos for entry in the annual Hikephoto Contest.

It was bound to happen sooner or later. More and more, hikers have been switching from black and white to this more colorful phase of photography, and more and more of their products have been displayed to striking effect. These have taken the form of color transparencies, as well as regular color prints and 3-D.

At this early stage of transition we're wide open to suggestions from our members. One of these, which sounds highly practical, is to have one prize only for each of three classifications (1) black and white, (2) color transparencies, and (3) color prints and 3-D.

Instead of a first, second and third prize of \$15.00, \$10.00, and \$5.00 respectively, as awarded in the past, there would be one \$10.00 prize only awarded to the winner in each of the above-named classifications.

It's not that we've ever had anything against color pix in the past. Their exclusion was based

principally on the difficulty we experienced in obtaining satisfactory reproductions for Bulletin purposes. Now, however, with improved methods, and the growing number of color recruits, we feel the objection has been rightly over-ruled!

In other respects, the rules will remain much as before. Any photo taken by any member on this year's five-day hike will be eligible for the prize money. Subjects may run the gamut from vast vistas to camp close-ups! They can be taken with any type of camera from the time-honored box variety to high priced precision instruments. There is no limit to the number of entries accepted from any one hiker.

Candidates are requested to select a nom-de-plume to protect their identity during the judging. This should be printed clearly on the reverse side of each entry, along with date photographed. The same nom-de-plume plus the hiker's bona fide name should be printed on a slip of paper contained in a sealed envelope identified on the outside by the nom-de-plume *only*.

In addition to receiving the prize money, each winner will have his or her photo reproduced in a subsequent issue of the Bulletin, along with

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A rare and beautiful view of last year's camp with Schaffer Lake in foreground. Photo, emphasizing mountainous backdrop, was taken from scree slopes rising from tiny lake's marge. Picturesque stepping stones bridged wide, shallow creek, permitting novel entry to camp. Note packhorses near lakeshore at left.

HIKE HISTORY REVIVED

Success of First Hike Surpassed All Prophecies

EARLY TRAIL HIKE history was brought to light recently by Lou Shulman, of Calgary, who forwarded a faded clipping from the Calgary Herald, describing the association's formation. Datelined Lake Louise, August 8th, 1933, the article dealt with the first hike, which in those days, lasted only four days, and listed the first slates of officers.

The fact that the first hike was held at Lake O'Hara—the same area we occupied last summer—should make the article of special interest to newcomers, while oldtimers will recognize many of the officers, some of whom have since passed on, in the original slate of officers. The article reads as follows:

"The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies came into official existence today, and N.B. Sanson, retired meteorologist of Banff and the man who holds the unique record of one thousand ascents of Sulphur Mountain, is its first president.

"After a four-day hike over three high passes and two glaciers, a hike, the success of which surpassed all expectations and prophecies, the pioneers of this movement settled down to organization business Monday afternoon in a marquee pitched on a tiny alpine meadow in the high altitude near Lake O'Hara.

"E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was elected honorary president, and A. O. Wheeler, of Sydney, B.C., honorary president of the Alpine Club of Canada and himself a pioneer of Alpine Club walking tours, was elected honorary vice-president.

"Following the election of N. B. Sanson as president, Major Selby Walker of Calgary, Pete White of Banff, Carl Rungius of New York, Ian Somerville of Philadelphia, and Miss Georgia Englehardt of New York, were elected vice-presidents.

"J. Murray Gibbon of Montreal was elected secretary-treasurer and Dan McCowan of Banff, western secretary. Council members elected were: Elizabeth Booz, Washington, D.C.; Isabel W. Page, Philadelphia; Freda E. Watts, London, England; R. H. Palenske, Chicago; Miss G. Joice, Saskatoon; Douglas Hains, Montreal; Miss Martha Huston, Lethbridge; A. D. Bain, Winnipeg; T. B. Moffatt, Calgary; S. Pollard, Calgary; Captain Russell, Field, B.C.; Major P. A. Jennings, Byron Harmon, Col. Phil A. Moore, Mrs. Catherine White, Sam Ward and L. S. Crosby, all of Banff.

"Walter D. Wilcox, Washington, D.C., J. M.

IN AND OUT OF CAMP



Hikers present impressive scene as they pause atop what may be high point on the day's trail. Or perhaps hiker at left is indicating next objective which would appear to be slightly higher than up. In left background, lofty Mt. Huber makes valiant effort to poke through engulfing cloud.



Here's another foursome who believes in letting a smile be their umbrella. Happy hikers were caught by cameraman just before setting out on one of myriads of trails emanating from our camp atop Schaffer Meadow. Joyful mood was typical of entire group, despite the elements.

Wardle, Banff, were elected honorary members.

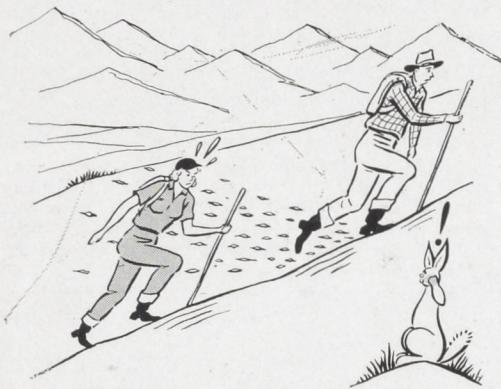
"Qualification for new members will be certified hiking mileage of 25 miles in the Canadian Rockies, with no mileage walked previous to August 4, 1933, to be counted. All intending western members should get in communication with Dan McCowan, Banff, Western Secretary. Next year's hike will be in the Yoho district."

NO SHEEP TO SHOW THE WAY

Adventure on the Cader Idris

by ALICE MULVEY

"CADER IDRIS, in the county of Merionethshire, North Wales; just under three thousand feet," is how the guide book read. I had studied the Cader Idris range across the beautiful Wynnon valley for three months, waiting for a convenient time and suitable weather to scale the heights of this magnificent mountain. It is not the



highest mountain in Wales; Snowdon surpasses it by one thousand feet, but it is just as hazardous and beautiful.

During those few months, I had come to learn a lot about the weather and the difference it made to the valley, and Cader in particular. Sometimes it was completely hidden from view with a thick blanket of mist, which would rise suddenly, displaying the magnificence of the entire range. On other occasions, a few tumultuous clouds hung about the summit, while on a really clear day, Cader stood out proudly and magnificently like a mighty warrior.

According to legend, many centuries ago Cader was a giant who had three lovely sisters. Unfortunately, he upset the elements and was turned into a mountain, while each sister became a lake and settled nearby.

On one fine Sunday in September, my guide, a young Welsh farmer named Anwyl, and I set forth to scale the highest peak that Cader boasted. Since Anwyl had assured me that he knew the tortuous paths well, we armed ourselves with stout cudgels and set off at a brisk gait. We decided to take the longer though easier route along the Saddle Back, so named because of its shape, and to return via the short, sheer, rocky Foxes Path.

We headed south towards the little grey slate town of Dolgelly, which nestles solidly and

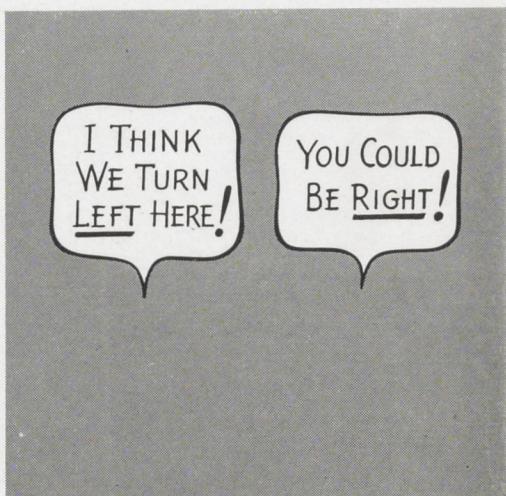
snugly at the foot of Cader. As we passed through the market square my companion indicated a huge bell which, he explained, was the Cader Bell. "When anyone is known to be lost," he continued, "the bell is rung as a signal for guides and dogs to set out as a rescue party. They go armed with whistles and drums as that noise carries farther than the human voice."

At a nearby hotel we stopped for lunch. Apart from one isolated farm, this was the last sign of habitation. Having satisfied ourselves, we continued our journey across a few fields that sloped gently upwards. The sun was not too hot and so far the way was easy. We trudged on silently for a while, the way becoming steeper and the vegetation sparse. Under the last visible tree we called a halt, deciding to take a brief rest.

"What a marvellous view we shall have from the summit," I remarked in anticipation as I surveyed the immediate countryside and its colorful autumn quilt.

"Yes," agreed Anwyl, "We will be able to trace the Barmouth Estuary almost down to the Atlantic."

The peace was suddenly broken by the loud and excited caws of three crows. Two were engaged in battle, while the third hopped up and down excitedly on the low branch of the tree. We watched their antics in amusement. Then Anwyl remarked, "I wonder if that bird," pointing to the one on the tree, "is a conscientious



Fog was terrific!

objector or merely practising to be a radio commentator?"

"Or maybe," I suggested with a laugh, "even birds have their eternal triangles."

Having rested, we started off once again. Now it was really stiff going. My feet slipped on the loose scree, sending showers of tiny stones down the mountainside. It was so steep in places that it seemed as though we were crawling rather than climbing.

Presently Anwyl spoke, "I don't like the look of those clouds curling 'round the edge of the Saddle Back. I think we should turn back now."

"What! When we are so near to the top?" I asked scornfully, disregarding his wisdom. So we plodded on and up, while the clouds grew thicker around us. There were some huge boulders and

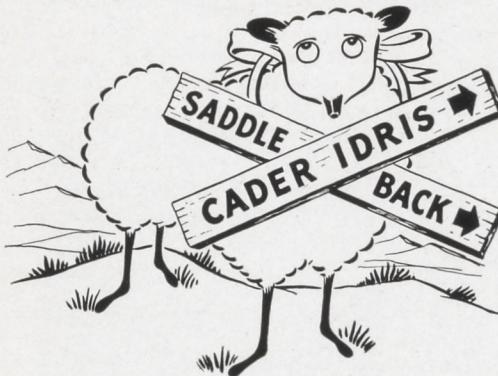


Somewhat reminiscent of our own hiking terrain, these open slopes and neighboring lake are far from the high hills of home. Cader Idris, approximately 3,000 feet in altitude, is one of the more imposing mountains of North Wales.

"Look, look," I interrupted excitedly, "There's that tree we rested under on the way up." Sure enough it was, and what a welcome sight to behold!

Once again we sat down and rested. We were cold and dripping wet, but what a wonderful feeling of relief to know that we were on the right path. Suddenly, unexpectedly the mist lifted, displaying the lovely valley below still bathed in sunshine. It did not take us long to scramble down the remainder of the hillside to the welcome shelter of the hotel.

Cader Idris, North Wales, may not be as famous as the Swiss Alps, as beautiful as the Canadian Rockies or as great as the Himalayas. Climbing the Cader, however, can be just as adventurous!



a few rough hewn steps, then a small hut situated on the tip of Cader's head. We had reached our goal, but what a terrible disappointment. Instead of the wonderful view I was anticipating, there was nothing but a thick, enveloping mist obliterating the scenery. We entered the tourist hut, signed the visitor's book and bought some souvenirs. The attendant informed us that during the summer months, some three to four hundred people climbed Cader Idris each day.

It was five o'clock when we decided to start on the downward trek. Within twenty minutes of leaving, we were completely lost in that damp, swirling atmosphere. Not a sound broke the ethereal scene as we trudged silently along. An hour or so passed, neither of us had the vaguest idea of our whereabouts or in what direction we were heading. Not one familiar sign had we passed. I began to see the folly of not heeding my guide's warning about the mist.

"If we could only find some sheep, I would know where we were," said my guide presently.

"Are you proposing to ask them the way?" I inquired facetiously. I withered under his scornful glance as he replied, "All sheep are ear-marked and branded. I know all the farmers and the location of their land. Just one sheep and I could tell where we are."



Alice Mulvey, of London, Ont., whose experiences on the Cader Idris are reported on these pages. She is shown here during a pause on the beautiful, though more leisurely, hiking trails in the vicinity of Banff Springs Hotel.



"As one president to another..." Retiring President Anne Fallis, of Calgary, talks trail hike policy—or maybe it's photography—with President-Elect Jerry Siegfried, of Wichita at Schaffer Meadow camp.



Prospective hikers should not be alarmed by above photo. Rope and crampons are not required for negotiating the uphill and downhill course of a day's itinerary. And, if they were, we'd certainly be the first to recommend something a little more substantial in the way of apparatus.



Skyline Meditation

by ROBERT GABRIEL

We pass by Marvel's green-clad shore
Her azure-tinted tide;
Above the avalanche's roar
Where strange wild creatures 'bide.

To climb at last the wooded height,
Above the watered plains;
Above Assiniboine is white,
Below the Brewster trains.

The night is coming on apace,
The larch is dark below,
And almost run our glorious race
'Midst the eternal snow.

Now gleams the moon on Owl Lake,
Her weird unearthly flame,
Her ancient offering doth she take
As ere the white man came.

Below Alberta's fertile plain
Mass cities built of stone;
The mountains know not toil nor strain,
The mountains stand alone.

Gone, gone is feud—and war and stress;
Gone, gone, the deadly fray.
As smoke within the wilderness,
The wild wind blows away.

All else is but an evil dream,
As when the armies met,
While we by glorious mountain stream
May slumber and forget.

COLOR PHOTOS IN RUNNING

(Continued from page 8)

write-up. All photos entered in the contest will be returned to the owner immediately after the judging, should this be specified by the candidate.

Winners will be selected by a panel of three judges, none of whom is a member of the Association and each of whom is an authority in the field of photography.

And so dawns a new era in the time-honored Hikephoto Contest! It may be that time will effect a number of adjustments in the newly-drafted regulations. There may be better ways of getting the desired results. And, as stated before, we'll be glad to have your comments on the subject.

For those weary of the strain and turmoil of city life, a trail hike holds an irresistible appeal. Statement appears born? cut by photo of meditating hiker.

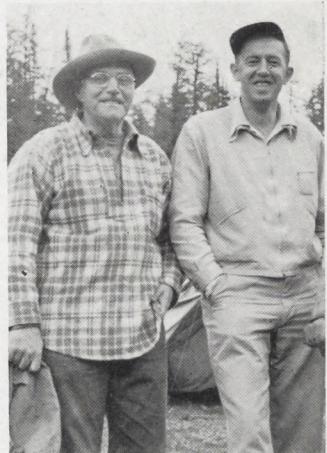
MEMORIES OF THE LAKE O'HARA TRAIL



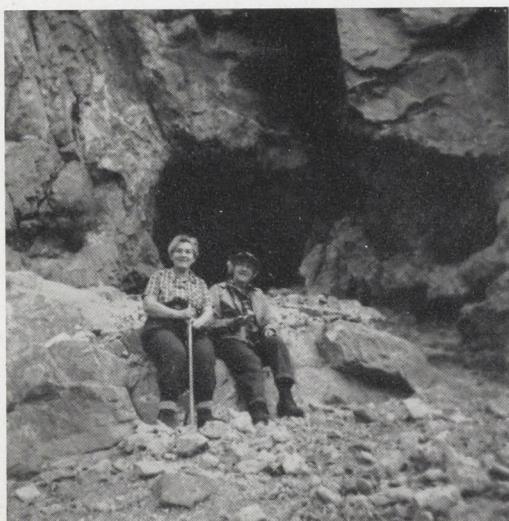
Mixed emotions are registered by hikers during nightly sing-song.



Famed Waldorf Hysteria with Mygdal party.



"Doc" Riley and Bob Louden.



"Prospectors" at Crystal Cave.



Memories of Schaffer Meadow



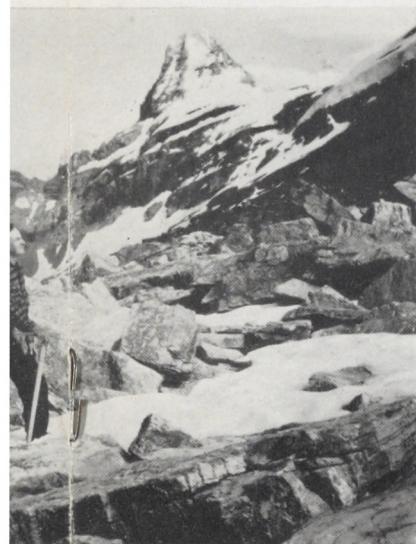
This watery staircase somewhere along the trail is typical of the wonders experienced by hikers on their annual sorties to the skyline. Photo was taken by Bob Louden, of Calgary, a member of the council, who has made numerous photographic contributions to the Bulletin in the past.



Franklyn E. Fitch, of New York, found his Ridge after making the scenic ascent from the trail in that area. A vice-president of the group's better known cameraman. The landscape is anything but sumptuous—dictions that add to the hike's fascination.



Hikers from last year's camp discuss the hike at Lake Louise. Though far from their camp at Schaffer Meadow, the hikers are looking at some of the very peaks that thrilled their eyes from Teepee Town. Part of Victoria Glacier and Mount Lefroy are among the giant peaks dominating both the Lake Louise and Lake O'Hara scene. Seated at extreme right is Henry Chanter, a past president of the association.



Frank, found plenty of ice and snow on Merlin's ascent from Skoki Valley during a recent sabbatical. President of the Association, Frank is one of the few who remain. Though the calendar reads August, it is summery—one of those strange contradictions that fascinate.



Voted by many as one of the most exquisitely situated camps selected by hikers in recent years, Camp '55 near Lake O'Hara was also among the most photographed. No matter how often the camera clicked it was impossible to capture the same scene twice! Above photo, giving birds-eye view of the camp's environs tells the story more graphically than words.



Winter's July toe-hold extends to the brink of lovely Lake McArthur, one of the more glamorous objectives of last summer's safari. The tiny skyward tarn, with its encircling snow-capped peaks, was reached from Schaffer Meadow camp by an ascending trail. Scene was photographed by R. C. Morse, of Beloit, Wis.

"On Climbing in the Rain"

ONLY THE hill-walker understands the enchantment of climbing in the rain. To the average city-dweller, the very idea is repellent—and indeed, when analyzed in the cold light of wisdom or common sense, it is hard to tell wherein is the attraction.

The mountaineer, himself, (if he be honest) will never go quite so far as to say that he "enjoys" it. In fact, at the time of asking, so to speak, he will express his disapproval of the weather in terms so striking and forcible as to leave the listener in no doubt whatever concerning the sincerity of his feelings.

It is only afterward when he has "dried out" by the inn fire, that his lamentable inconsistency will assert itself; and then, like the incomprehensible creature that he is, he will gloss over his recent discomforts with a sort of rough affection, and finds all sorts of compensation to explain his change of mood. Oh, certainly, it was heavy going for awhile, he will admit honestly, especially upon the peat-bogs where there wasn't so much as a whin-bush for shelter and you could scarcely breathe for the force of the wind . . . But there was a fine view down the glen, for the sun was out there, flashing and winking on the burn, and he wouldn't have missed it for the world!!

Oh, yes,—he got wet enough during the actual climb—soaked to the skin, in fact, and the water was running down his body in icy streams before he was half-way up . . . But there was a rainbow

so near that he could have touched it—the whole thing, perfect and intact, painted across a nearby mountain face on a level with his eyes. Made him feel like a god. And the cloud-formations were really extraordinary when one could take time off to look . . . And so on, and so forth—Pity he didn't get to the top, though. Still there was always to-morrow . . .

So he will go on talking of the mountain as a

● *The accompanying article is taken from the publication "Unto the Hills" by Brenda G. Macrow with photographs by Robert M. Adam, Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London, and Clarke, Irwin & Co., Toronto, by whose courtesy the article is reproduced.*

It was drawn to our attention by Lila Dicken, of Creston, B.C., who found certain passages reminiscent of our trip to rainy O'Hara.

lover talks of a beloved but fickle mistress, admitting her fault, deprecating her faithlessness—but, with every word, challenging the world to show him her peer.

And the more he talks, the more surely will he confound the charabanc-tourist and the dweller in cities, and confirm in them the suspicion that these mountaineers are eccentric fools who ought to know better.

But the man with understanding in his heart—he upon whom, at some time, the spell of another mountain has fallen—will only smile to himself . . . and remember . . . and go quietly away.



Climbing in the rain can be lots of fun—if there's a cozy campfire waiting at the end of the trail. Hikers are seen (above) just before setting out for the many scenic objectives on the O'Hara trail.

Hike Photo of the Year!



• He may not have suspected it at the time, but when Henry Chanter, of Nelson, B.C., snapped this exquisite scene at last year's hike camp, he laid claim to first place in the annual hikephoto sweepstakes!

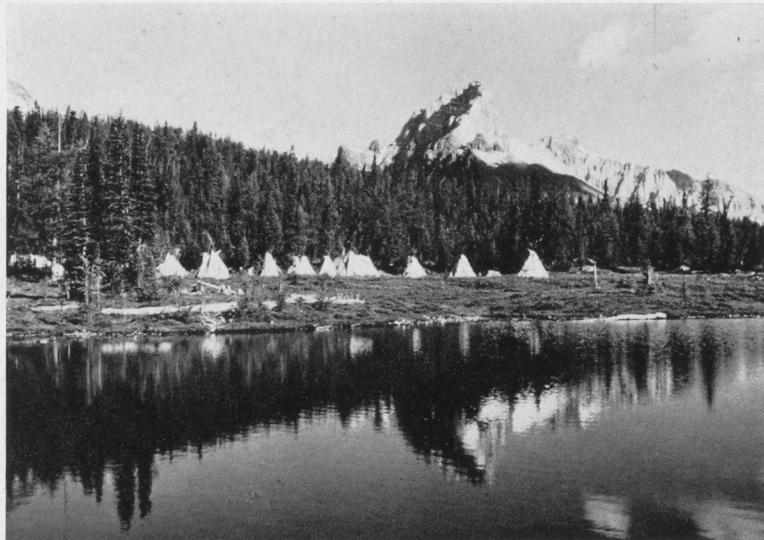
One of the association's leading photographers, Mr. Chanter has been making picture records of the annual hike since first signing up with the Skyliners. Many of his excellent photos have appeared from time to time in this magazine.

Hiker in foreground is apparently contemplating the magnificence of Lake O'Hara and Mount Lefroy from the shoulder of Mount Odaray.

Runners-Up in Contest



When E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, captured this imposing scene, he also captured second prize in our annual Hikephoto Contest. Mr. Holmes, whose photos have appeared many times in the Bulletin over the past years, obtained this impressive view despite poor visibility. Stately Mt. Huber dominates the scenic backdrop.



This camera interpretation of early morning at Schaffer Meadows won the judges' nod for third prize in the annual Hikephoto Contest. By coincidence, the photo was one of those submitted by Henry Chanter, of Nelson, first prize winner.

The tranquility of the scene is emphasized by the Schaffer Lake's calm surface and solitary Cathedral Peak in the background.

Looking Back along the Trail

The following article by Major F. V. Longstaff, of Victoria, B.C., a noted authority on the early history of the Canadian Rockies and veteran alpinist and hiker, traces the origin and development of our favorite trail country. It also gives an introduction to those whose foresight and energy fostered their subsequent development.

BEFORE THE Canadian Pacific Railway extended its line to the summit of the Kicking Horse River at the Great Divide, there were good game trails up the main and neighboring valleys. These were used by the Stoney Indians when hunting, most of which was conducted along very faint trails which only an Indian could follow.

The railroaders had to make the usual rough tote road for the transport of supplies alongside the permanent track. By the time the transcontinental line was completed in 1885, the tote road had become a veritable morass!

For some time Laggan (later named Lake Louise) was the head of construction with most of the workers living in box cars. Every Sunday some of the men would wander out to try the rivers and lakes for fishing. Thus a number would surely have come across the lake which was first called "Emerald" and some years afterward, "Louise." In the same manner, little Lake Agnes was probably discovered, but by whom there is no record.

The first through train left Montreal on June 29th, 1886, and reached tidewater at Port Moody on July 4th. Then came the laying of sidings and passing tracks. Some of the workers settled down next to the stations and passing points, many of them at Banff. This point with its outfitters, packers, guides, cooks and horses, gradually became a popular centre for mountaineers and tourists.

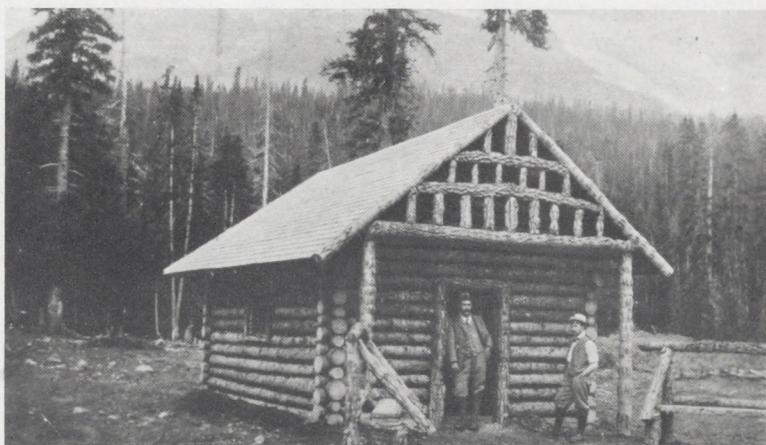
Records indicate that the first man to outfit parties and to cut the necessary trails was the late Tom Wilson, who commenced cutting trails near Banff in 1884. Born at Bondhead, Ont., on August 21st, 1859, he attended school at Barrie, Ont., and later Guelph Agricultural College. He went west in 1880, joined the Northwest Mounted Police at Fort Walsh on Sept. 22, 1880.

In the spring of 1884, Mr. Wilson claims to have cut two trails to Lake Louise, which was then known as Emerald Lake. It was renamed in honor of Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis

of Lorne, then Governor General of Canada.

Wilson served with Steel's Scouts in the rebellion of 1885, and the same year outfitted H. W. Calverly and friend from London for a big game hunt. On October 19th, 1885, he married Minnie McDougall at Edmonton, and moved to Morley on the Bow River where he resided for several years.

In 1884 Wilson made a trail for a party from the British Association for the Advancement of Science then meeting in Toronto; they had been transported by the C.P.R. by special car to the end of construction at Laggan. At this time there were also two brothers who had done rock work on the railroad, George and William Fear. After a few years of trapping on their own, they joined with George Noble, and built his original store which still stands today on Banff's main tho-



First cabin in the O'Hara basin was built in 1911. Still standing in Schaffer Meadow, the hut was viewed by members of last year's hike. Swiss guide Rudolph Aemmer is seen standing in door with Edward Feuz at right.

roughfare.

It is said that the late Dave White, pioneer storekeeper of Banff, kept a little note book with dates of various activities, one of which was the building of the first lodge for the C.P.R. at Lake Louise.

In the early 1890's there were so few good trails that packers made use of the railway itself. At that time there were several trails cut up to the lake. However, it is not known when the first team of horses completed the journey with a wagon. Fishermen paid many visits to the lake.

In 1893 Tom Wilson built a log cabin in Banff where the Imperial Bank of Canada now stands.

(Continued on page 20)

LOOKING BACK ALONG TRAIL

(Continued from page 19)

The log cabin housed his outfitting centre where Wilson kept his harness, camp gear and tents. His first busy season was in 1895 when some members of the Appalachian Mountain Club conquered 11,186-ft. Mount Hector.

He took a second party up the Wapta Valley (now the Yoho). When Colonel Richard O'Hara, then 60 years of age, applied for a camp outfit and guide, Wilson was able to produce James Tabuteau, an Irishman, to take Colonel O'Hara camping in the high forests.

He was probably advised to strike south from the Great Divide at the head of the Kicking Horse River. It would take at least two days to reach the Great Divide from Banff, then up Cataract Creek valley by the Indian and game trail, by which the little lake was discovered. Tabuteau followed the game trail with Indian marks until he saw the water of the lake through the trees and then camped near the exit.

One or two years later, the Dominion land surveyor, J. J. McArthur, recommended the Dominion surveyor-general to name the lake after Colonel O'Hara. With the assistance of Miss Ada Wilson, the oldest daughter of Tom Wilson, four letters written to the Colonel by her father have been preserved. These are dated 1895, 1896, 1897 and 1914.

Reached Beaverfoot in '95

They state that O'Hara did not make a second journey to the mountains in Canada; he could not be spared from family work in Ireland. But he did make the trip of exploration in 1895 as far as the Beaverfoot and back to the Great Divide.

Richard O'Hara had an interesting family background. His father, James O'Hara, was a member for Galway from 1826 to 1831. His wife, Ann Trench, who died in 1870, was the daughter of the Most Reverend Power Le Poer Trench, Archbishop of Tuam. There were five children: James (1830-1902), Richard, (1835-1924), Margaret, Elizabeth (Mrs. John Temple Reilly), and Emily, wife of Reverend James O'Sullivan, Bishop of Tuam.

Young Richard O'Hara was born at West Cottage, Blackrock, Galway, on January 1st, 1835. He entered the Royal Military College at Woolwich in 1850 as a gentleman cadet. In 1854 he was gazetted 2nd lieutenant, Royal Artillery, and promoted to 1st lieutenant the same year. From 1856 to 1861 he served at Gibraltar. In 1860 he was promoted to 2nd captain, and from 1867 to 1868 served in the 4th Brigade of Artillery at Toronto.

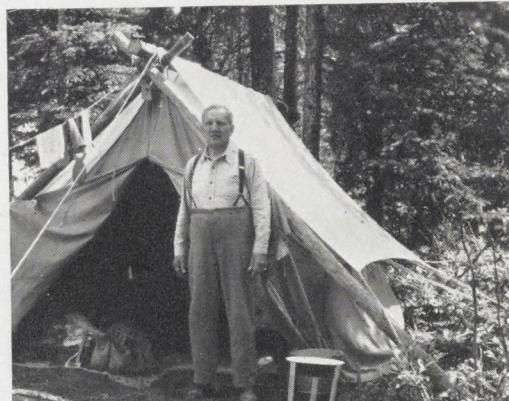
In 1871 O'Hara was promoted to captain and from 1874 to 1875 he served in India. He became a major in 1872 and in 1877 served at Malta. He

became a lieutenant-colonel (honorary) in 1878, retiring on pension the same year.

He later returned to his old home at West Cottage, Galway, where he had a small chemical laboratory. He died on March 6th, 1924. The only known photograph of Colonel O'Hara hangs upstairs in the main building of Lake O'Hara Lodge. It was taken by a former photographer of Edinburgh.

The first known mountaineer of the area was Walter Dwight Wilcox, F.R.G.S., of Philadelphia, who was also a fine photographer and author. His first book, "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," was published in 1897—the preface, dated July, 1896. It is now a rare publication. In his second book, "The Rockies of Canada", published in 1906, Mr. Wilcox writes as follows:

"For years I had desired to explore the summit range of the Rockies between the Bow River on the east, the Vermilion and Ottertail Rivers on the west, The Kicking Horse Pass on the north,



Living under canvas has often been the rule for Major Longstaff, seen here during an earlier camping trip. The veteran alpinist was guest speaker at last year's hike camp, having hiked there from Lake O'Hara Lodge.

and the Vermilion Pass on the south. It is my idea to skirt 'round the outer edge of the nearly rectangular block of mountains, whose area was about 300 square miles, and to ascend every stream and valley which offered a route into the interior." Wilcox's outfit consisted of one guide and packer, Ross Peacock, and four horses, two of which he rode.

"We left the chalet at Lake Louise on 13th August 1899, through Paradise Valley, and eventually to Desolation Valley." To cut short a long story of 28 days through many valleys, dense forest, rapid creeks and broken faint trails, Wilcox reached the present McArthur Pass on September 10th and encamped beside the foot of the Lake at 7.30 P.M.

He identifies this as the spot where he and Wilson had camped in the fall of 1896. The first map of the country from Cathedral to Louise was made by Wilcox and is to be found in his



Abbott Pass Hut, at an altitude of 9,598 ft., was built in 1922 and ready for operation in June, 1923. Furniture was packed in to the hut by veteran Swiss guides.

first book which was published in 1896. In speaking of his many climbing expeditions he often refers to the "Chalet" at Louise, this being the little square frame building. The first burned down in 1893. A photo of the second chalet, taken on October 18th, 1894, shows Lady Aberdeen on the porch and a horse and buggy in front.

Records show that this chalet was managed by Willowby Astley up to 1898 when Miss Jean Mollison was sent from North Bend to take over. There was a Chinese staff at Lake Louise for years. The writer remembers having lunched there in July, 1903, with his father, when Chinese waiters were on duty. Owing to failing eyesight, Miss Mollison retired from Lake Louise in October 1907, and took over Glencoe Lodge in Vancouver.

The first cabin in the O'Hara basin was built by the C.P.R. in 1911. In an old photograph, Rudolph Aemmer is shown standing in the door, with young Edward Feuz on one side. In 1921 the C.P.R. hotels opened a camp on this site comprising two cabins and five tents. By the end of 1925 the number of cabins totalled 11 units and during the same year the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was held at the Lake.

Members of last year's hike will have no difficulty in identifying scene at right. One of the most beautiful in recent years, campsite faced tiny Schaffer Lake with pungent evergreens marching down slope to camp's backdoor.

The hotel department also began construction of a central lodge on the lake shore. The long timbers, brought from the coast mills, baths and kitchen stove, were drawn by teams of horses over the snow. The Alpine Club acquired the two older cabins on the meadow.

During the years 1932-35 the late Sidney Graves repaired both cabins on the meadow and enlarged the newer one known today as the Elizabeth Parker Cabin. A senior member of the club, L. Grassi, from Northern Italy, spends each summer taking care of the large cabin as well as dispensing hospitality to visitors. In 1935 improvements were made in the lodge and the old narrow trail enlarged and relocated into the present wide fire road for sole use of the park warden. Mrs. Graves died at Banff in 1953, after building up an atmosphere of old-time mountain hospitality at the lodge.

Let me also mention Wapta Lake Bungalow Camp, the jumping-off point for tourists bound for Lake O'Hara. At the time of its building in 1921, there was only a horse trail from Louise (or Laggan) to Field, B.C. The driving road, which took two years to build, followed much of the old railroad track. It was not opened to traffic until 1924, and has subsequently been improved from time to time. When the Alpine Club held its camp at the head of Sherbrooke Lake in 1911, its members could come only by railroad, as was the case in 1912 when the camp was held at the base of Cathedral Mountain.

All trail climbers have to thank Dr. and Mrs. G. K. K. Link, of Chicago, for creating the system of foot trails from the lodge. The two began making their annual visits in 1928, the

(Continued on page 24)



Norah Meets The Colonel

Northern Belle Impressed with the Old South

by MARY WEEKES

COLONEL PEPPERPOOT, Suh, there's a mighty fetchin' wench on the portico a-crabin' to communerate with you. I 'speck she a-come from the nawth, 'cause I ain't sufflin' to grapple with her talk. "I want to see your peppery Colonel" says she..., that's no-way like south'n talk, am it? Well, I jes' bows my haid while I take a powerful view of what you calls her an-natomony and, my, my, Suh, if she ain't an eyeful! Now what's she doin' a-traipsing down to this ancient and civilized place?"

"Toleration, cease your jabberin' and, har-ump, hand me my wig. Then fetch the wench to my presence."

"Yes, Suh! Yaller-haired and blue-eyed she am. Ear-marked like a lady. She come in a cab by the river road . . . Yes, I'm a-fetching her . . . if I ain't rushed . . ."

"Boy, your mutterin' is leadin' you right to the jail-house."

"Ah, Colonel, Suh, I's your left-hand, you all tells me, and your wrathin' jes' rolls off'm my hide . . . He-he . . . Yes, suh, I's a-fetchin' her right smart."

"I've brung her, Colonel, suh," announced Toleration, grinning as he ushered Miss Norah Periwinkle into the Colonel's study.

"Proud and happy to welcome you, Ma'am, to the old South that's steeped in history. Toleration, draw forth an easy chair to the fire for Miss Periwinkle." Pardon me, for not rising, Ma'am, but a ridin' accident, ahem . . ."

"The rumatiz, Ma'am, has got the Colonel's joints all achin' and jumpin' . . ."

"Toleration, stay your long tongue and leave my presence."

"Yes, Suh, Colonel, I'se a-gone . . ."

"Ma'am, excuse a pert and sassy boy that's grown up in the bosom of this plantation."

"Oh, quite. You'll pardon my intrusion, sir, but we've met before—via the Trail Ride Magazines."

"Jest so, Ma'am. The editor is a-spinnin' out my memoirs."

"Had we met, socially, Ma'am, I would not be so ungallant as to forget a winsome face . . . Chance you are Norah?—Norah that holds praiseworthy views about costuming ungainly females that inhabit the Canadian Alps to catch



the predatory eye of male trailers?

"Uh, huh! That Norah! In arranging my southern tour, the secretary-treasurer warned me against the heady scents and romantic of jasmine and bougainvillea and commended me to your protection until I should become orientated—so to speak."

"Say no more, Ma'am. I trust that this southern mansion that has sheltered many noble confederate officers and troops can afford hospitality to a lady who is the flower-o-the Nawth. No, no don't object, Ma'am . . ."

"But, Colonel . . ."

"Say no more, Ma'am!"

"Toleration, boy, come from behind that door and stop a-gapin' at Miss Norah, If I may so address you, Ma'am? and fetch a decanter of my special southern teddy."

"Lawdy, Colonel, Suh, the only vaporings' round about is from them cookin' pots boilin' in the cottonfields."

"Absent your pesky tongue and see that a room is prepared for our charming guest."

"I sure will, Colonel. I'll leave on the heels o' time and shake off the dust that's all-a-layin' in that boodwar ever since Stonewall Jackson was a-bivouacking in that tester bed. But, Colonel, Suh, ain't you desirin' the mint juleps you gen'lly set up for company?"

"Toleration, Miss Norah is far from "common" company. She's a Nawth'en belle that's a-come to inspect our white-columned mansions and our blue-grass lawns. Ma'am, I regret the absence of a chatelaine. I've been a widower for some years."

"Boy, haven't you disappeared?"

"Lawsy, Colonel, suh, on my way out, If I ain't seen old Gen'l Saltpeter a-traipsin' up the kerrige drive on that devil stallion Hibiscus that is infiltrated with voodoo and the black witchering o' the devil . . ."

"A-ha-rum, boy, fetch the Gen'l in, then hasten up that refreshment."

"Yes, suh."

"Then take your lazy carcass to the skullogy and help ole Mammy fix a batch o'beaten biscuits, and tell her to broil half-a dozen chickens in tarragona wine in honor of our bewitching guest, then send a porter in the trap to fetch Miss Norah's carpet bags—er, her luggage."

"Yes, Suh, Colonel, I's happy to slave your commands for Miss Norah. I's tired viewin' frippery south'n females. Won't there be fixin' in that ole skullery! 'Taint ofen we have a Nawth'n lady a-eatin' at our board. I'll joy in choppin' the hails ofen those young roosters that screech me awake afore I's wake up. I'se got my axe all ready sharpened . . ."

"Begone, boy, with your gabby tongue and fetch the Gen'l."

"Here's the Gen'l Suh, Colonel, an Hibiscus is pawin' and chewin' the hitchin' ring . . . Yes, Suh, I's ready to axe them . . ."

"General Salt peter, Suh. I thank you for your right neighborly call. You've arrived at an exalted moment. Miss Norah Periwinkle, Ma'am, permit me to present my old friend and comrade-in-arms. Miss Norah, Suh, has come to discuss with me the correct accoutrements (I mean attire) for females when a-scaling the stumendous Rocky Mountain peaks. As you know, Suh, our editor is presenting to the reading world my adventures in those far-off Rockies."

"Miss Periwinkle, Ma'am, I relish the sight of your youth and beauty and I join my old friend in welcoming you right heartily to the warmth and mystery of the old south."

"Thank you, sir."

"Gen'l, will you favor me with the courtesy of asking your cousin Matilda to present herself here immediately to chaperone Miss Norah who has honored me by consenting to be my guest during her sojourn in our midst."

"Chaperone? Is not your housekeeper a sufficient chaperone, Colonel?"

"Miss Norah, Ma'am, No unmarried southern gentleman would entertain a lady in his home without a proper chaperone. An old southern custom, Ma'am."

"Well, if that's all, okay."

"Beg pardon, Ma'am?"

"I said, okay, Colonel Pepperpot. Just okay, meaning, its okay with me."

"Har-u-mp!"

"Stop your snickerin' boy, and place the fixin's within reach. Now, Miss Norah, take a sip o' this old southern toddy. Let it roll around and round on your tongue to appreciate the ancient flavor."

"Miss Norah, Ma'am, I've a-heard the Colonel preach that this is ancient vintage."

"Gen'l Salt peter, this has been agin' since the Civil War."

"Toleration just fix me a noggin."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Thanks, boy. Now Gentlemen, Here's to you, sirs, and to southern hospitality."

"Miss Norah, Ma'am, since my valued friend and companion in ancient wars, har-u-rr p—is not saddle-fit these days, I'll be fetching around my prize young stallion, Hibiscus, in the mornin' to take you a-canterin' along to my plantation. I'd appreciate havin' your nawth'en eyes feast on my wide cotton fields and my right stately rows of palmettos."

"Thank you, General. Can you supply a side-saddle and a proper riding habit?"

"Ma'am, Cousin Matilda will supply your needs. And now, Colonel Pepperpot, let me thank you heartily for your inspiring southern refreshment . . . And Miss Norah. It's been a rare pleasure to meet you here in the environs of ancient America. I'll now bid you a happy afternoon."

"Toleration, unhitch Hibiscus and see that the Gen'l arrives in the saddle."

"Yes, Suh, one day I'll be et by that debil-spawn . . . One day I'll be no more . . ."

"Miss Norah, would you care to rest in the Stonewall Jackson boudoir or set a spell under the palmetto trees while I address my Memoirs?"

"Thank you, Colonel. The Stonewall Jackson chamber by all means."

"Here's Toleration, Ma'am, to escort you to the upper gallery."

(Continued on page 24)



Hikers view awe-inspiring vista of mountain majesty from the marge of Lake McArthur—one of the many delightful beauty spots punctuating the trail of '55. New snow on upper levels arrived with the hikers.

NORAH MEETS THE COLONEL

(Continued from page 23)

"I's at your command, Miss Norah, An doan you mount that black killer, Hibiscus, nohow. He's got the evil eye. Some mis-cheevious wench has put the killin'—spell on dat beast . . .

"Toleration, I'll lick the evil out of that peer of southern horseflesh. Don't you worry . . ."

"Oh my goodness, Miss Norah, don't touch a lash to him. He's been spoon fed that, that . . ."

Fran Ferguson, of Calgary, left early this winter for Ceylon where she is establishing a school for nursing aides. The work will be conducted under the Colombo Plan at Kandana, 10 miles from Colombo city.

A graduate of Royal Alexandra hospital, Fran completed post-graduate work at the Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal, and established a school for nursing aides in Calgary.

Enroute to Ceylon, where she plans to spend two years, Miss Ferguson was scheduled to visit Eastern Canada, England, Rome, Beirut, and Karachi, Pakistan.

LOOKING BACK ALONG TRAIL

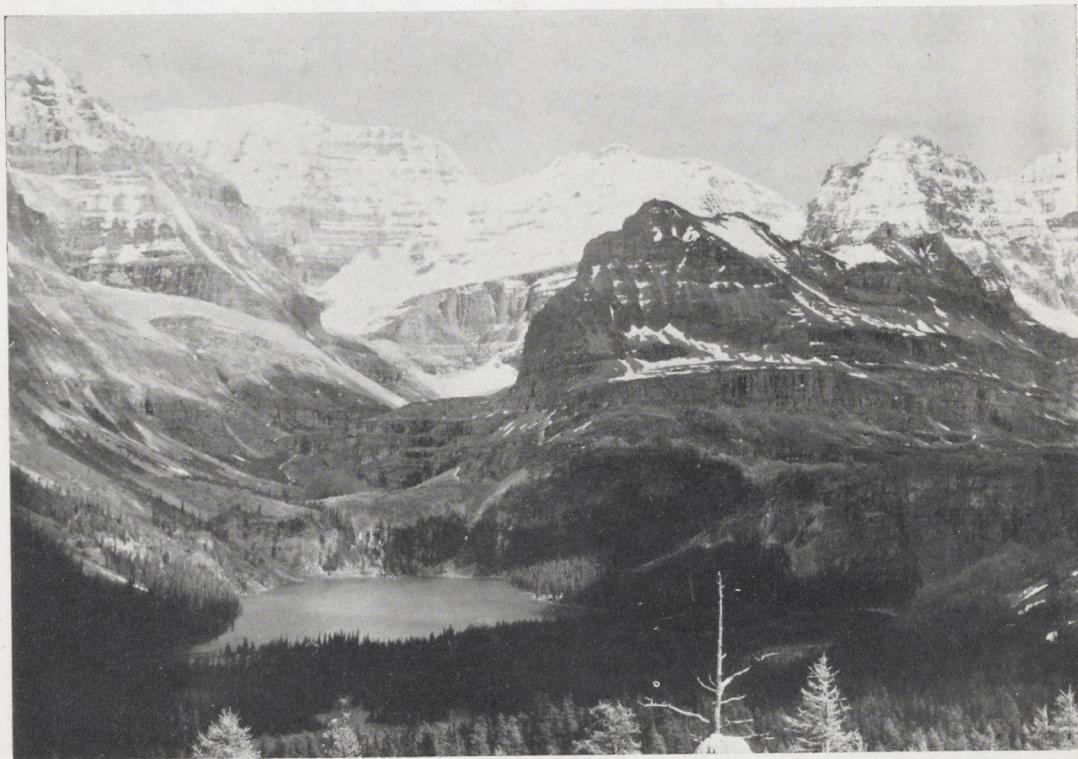
(Continued from page 21)

Doctor (Botany) and the late Mrs. Link having made 26 and 16 visits respectively. Carson Simpson, of Philadelphia, has also made 22 visits.

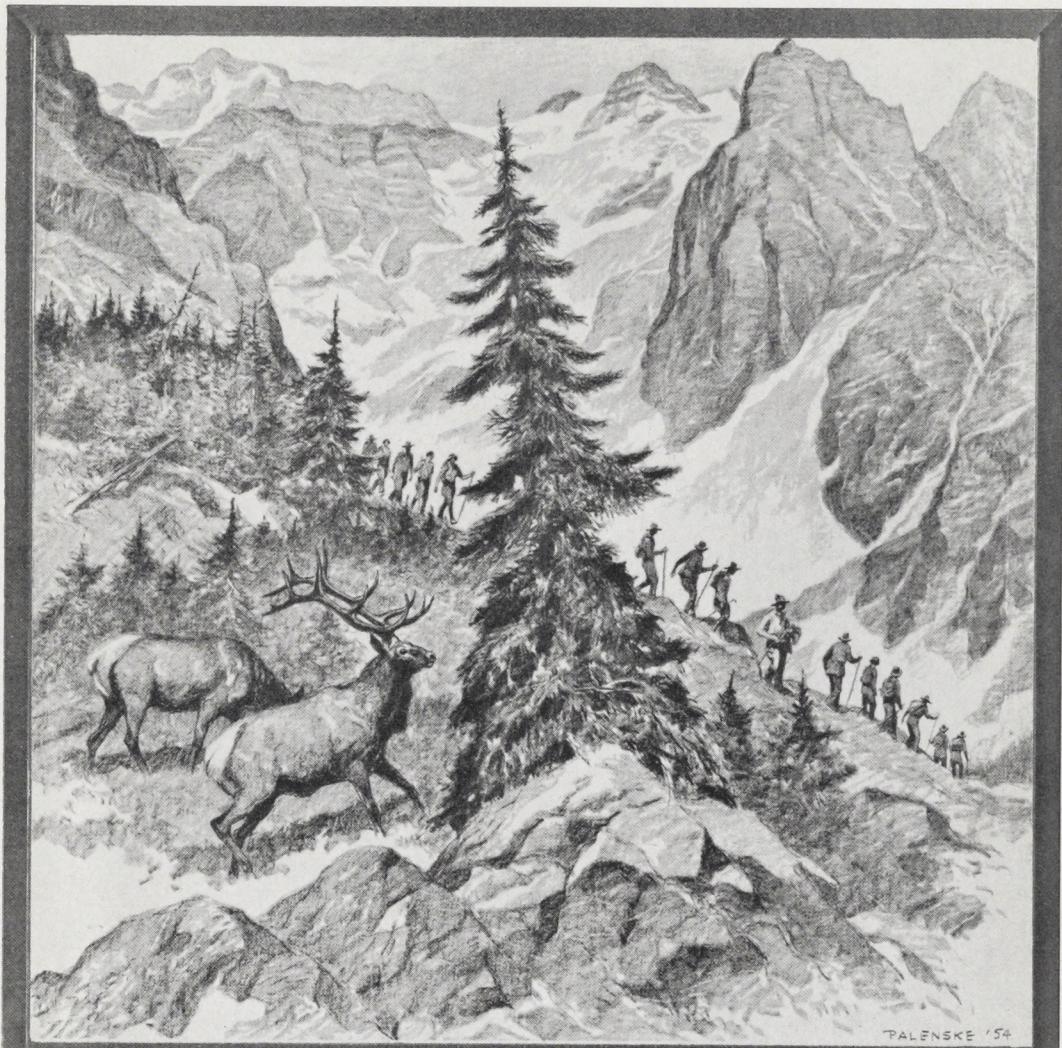
During the war years of 1942-46, when the Swiss guide, Walter Feuz, was caretaker at the lodge, the three were allowed to use one of the staff huts. They formed a "gang" to make the rock trail 'round the north shore of the lake.

The organization of a trail club had been under consideration for a long time, and at a meeting of all guests on August 18th, 1949, the Lake O'Hara Trail Club was organized. The aim of the club was to bring about co-operation with the Yoho National Park and the Parks Department at Ottawa, with the object of maintaining, marking, improving, and if desirable extending the system of foot trails. In a few years, the club produced a trail map for the information of tourists.

Today, thanks to the efforts of these pioneers, Lake O'Hara and its surrounding trails have developed into the loveliest section of trail hiking territory in the Canadian Rockies. Members of the '55 hike are the first to appreciate their work and foresight.



Nestled like a rare gem in midst of vast mountain amphitheatre, tiny Lake O'Hara is truly one of the region's loveliest. The Lake, with its beautiful shoreline trail, and others leading high from its marge, was a major drawing card for the 70 participants of Camp '55.



Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

This will Certify that:



has accumulated a minimum of 250 miles of hiking on skyline trails of the Canadian Rockies, as specified by the Constitution (Article 4, Section 3) and has qualified in all other respects for Life Membership in the above-named Association. In recognition thereof, as of this date and for all time, the Skyline Trail Hiker listed above is to be accorded all considerations and privileges commensurate with the honor of Life Membership.

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 Mygdal, Miss Kathryn, Calgary, Alta.
 Myrek, Miss Laudie, Saitcoats, Sask.
 Nathan, George, Chicago, Ill.
 Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
 Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.
 Niven, Miss Bunty, Calgary, Alta.
 Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.
 Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.
 North, Mrs. E. C. Summit, N.J.
 O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.
 Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.
 Omonhudo, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.
 Ottinger, Carl F., Chicago, Ill.
 Packham, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.
 Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Palenske, R.H., Woodstock, Ill.
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
 Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
 Parker, Miss Lydia B., Saskatoon, Sask.
 Patterson, Mrs. Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Audrey, Edmonton, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Edith, Truro, N.S.
 Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.
 Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.
 Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.
 Pecover, Mrs. W. M., Calgary, Alta.
 Pedlar, Mrs. Fred, Olds, Alta.
 Penman, Miss Clair, London, Ont.
 Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Plater, Miss Janet L., Hamilton, Ont.
 Plommer, Miss Connie, Vancouver, B.C.
 Plommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.
 Polet, Mrs. Maurice, Edmonton, Alta.
 Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.
 Porter, Cy R., Victoria, B.C.
 Porter, Mrs. Cy R., Victoria, B.C.
 Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Priestly, Mrs. H., Winnipeg, Man.
 Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.
 Prybylowski, Miss Florence, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Pullen, N. F., West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Mrs. Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Quelh, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.
 Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.
 Read, Walter T., Regina, Sask.
 Read, Miss Mary B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.
 Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.
 Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
 Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Vernon E., Wichita, Kans.
 Richards, Mrs. Vernon E., Wichita, Kans.
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Dr. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.
 Robinson, Mrs. J. Dean, Vancouver, B.C.
 Robinson, Miss Kathleen, Tranquille, B.C.
 Robinson, Miss L., Calgary, Alta.
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England
 Rogers, Miss Josephine L., Toronto, Ont.
 Rohen, Tom, Winnetka, Ill.
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.
 Round, F. W. E., Edmonton, Alta.
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.
 Rushby, Mike, Nelson, B.C.
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.
 Russell, Miss Marilyn D., Ponoka, Alta.
 Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.
 Sampson, H. E., Q.C., Regina, Sask.
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England
 Schneider, Fred, College Point, N.Y.
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
 Scott, Miss Thelma M., San Francisco, Cal.
 Segal, Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Segal, Mrs. Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Sercombe, Arthur, Detroit, Mich.
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Siegfried, Miss Jerry, Wichita, Kans.
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.
 Slöcum, Mrs. Mable Oggesen, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.
 Smale, Miss Donna M., Winnipeg, Man.
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Somerville, Mrs. I. C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Soutar, Miss Eliz. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Spalding, Miss K. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Spreat, Miss Isabel C., Calgary, Alta.
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stewart, Mrs. J. N., Red Deer, Alta.
 Stewart, Miss Patsy, Red Deer, Alta.
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutter, Miss Cora M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Swartz, Mrs. Ira, Kelowna, B.C.
 Tannahill, Miss Eunice M., Huntingdon, Que.
 Thal-Larsen, Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thal-Larsen, Mrs. Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England
 Thomson, Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thomson, Mrs. Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thurston, T. M., Calgary, Alta.
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Tresidder, Miss Marjorie E., Burnaby, B.C.
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tucker, Miss E. M., Brandon, Man.
 Turbayne, Miss Lois, Calgary, Alta.
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Banff, Alta.
 Vair, Robert A., Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Vanderbeek, G., Beloit, Wis.
 Van Haaften, Miss G., Amsterdam, Holland.
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B.C.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wagner, Miss Edith, Toronto, Ont.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Watkins, H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watkins, Mrs. H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Doris, Edmonton, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
 Wayne, Miss Eileen, Calgary, Alta.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir E. O. M.C., Vernon, B.C.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Vernon, B.C.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., La Crosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Wishart, William, Calgary, Alta.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wood, Miss Marion C., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.
 Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Wurstenberger, F. L., Turner Valley, Alta.
 Wurzburger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzburger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland
 Heights, O.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.
 Young, John, Edmonton, Alta.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Zywert, Miss Julia J., Chicago, Ill.